THE LILY.

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Written for the Lily.

SONG.

BY R. H. BROWN.

Sparkling through the flowery vales
The crystal streams are flowing,
Their dewy pearls and diamonds bright
Amid the daisies throwing.
I'd rather sip the shining dew
Upon the wild flowers beaming,
Than blushing wine, from golden cups
With gems and rubies gleaming.

A *few* bright things are clustering round
The board when wine is flowing,
And mid the tears that follow there,
Some festive joys are glowing.
And so the shroud of sleeping day
With twinkling stars is gleaming,
And on the mound o'er corpses reared.
The flowers of June are beaming.

Wine may glow like woman's blush,
Or dawn-lit roses weeping,
But in the bowl that beams so bright,
A poisoned reptile's sleeping.
Ah! wine may cheer the sinking heart,
But mingling with its gladness,
Like serpents mid the scented flowers,
Are frenzy, death, and madness.

'Tis woman's tears be-gem the cup
With wine's warm flushing lighted,
And though they shine, they seem to tell
Of love and hope long blighted.
When on the sparkling goblet's brim,
The wine is warmly flushing,
It seems the blood of broken hearts
Within that cup was blushing.

Drink from the cup that knows no blush,
For hearts it ne'er is wounding,—
'Tis filled with nectar from the rills
That mid the flowers are bounding.
With that pure tide your goblets fill
Till with the nectar streaming,
Each flashing, sparkling, flowing cup,
An urn of light is beaming.

Albion, April, 1849.

SENSIBLE QUESTION.—An exchange paper asks: "What sort of an economist is the man who chews $10 worth of tobacco in a year, and stops his newspaper because he can't afford to pay for it?"

SELECTED TALE.

THE BRIDE OF SIR EDGAR.

BY MISS C. F. ORNE.

Come of a proud and ancient race. Sir Edgar Ayling, in his twenty-third year, saw himself possessed of the baronial castle of Hindsfoot, with the park, lake and forest attached to it, and a rent roll corresponding, amply sufficient even for his liberal disposition. He was handsome enough, being of a fine athletic figure, and having a fair open countenance, a keen, dark eye, and an expanded brow, around which clustered his nut-brown, curling hair, which fell waving almost to his shoulders, in the fashion of the day. In other respects he was brave and courteous and perfectly loyal to the gentler sex, towards whom he entertained feelings of the most chivalric devotion. Nevertheless, from some cause or other, Sir Edgar had never placed his heart fairly in the keeping of any lady, though he often dreamed of a gentle being who should add the charms of grace and loveliness to the aristocratic elegance of Hindsfoot.

Now it so happened that on a gentle eminence, clothed with noble trees, and visible from the hall windows of his castle, stood the proud residence once belonging to Lord Albert de Wolf, and occupied since his death by his two beautiful daughters, Lady Edith and Lady Mary. In personal appearance these ladies were not unlike. Both possessed tall, elegant figures, and a queenly dignity of manner, and both had fair complexions, brilliant eyes and sweet-toned voices. It was not easy to choose between these accomplished ladies, and yet was Sir Edgar Ayling determined to woo and to wed the one or the other, and this tale is to tell you how he sped in his wooing, and whether it chanced him to win his bride.

"Come, Lady Mary," said Edith, as both the sisters were riding out, attended by an old servitor of the family, "come, here is a broad open space, let us have a gallop, and see whether my proud Florain is not more than a match for your gentle Bessie. Come, I say," and the haughty smile of the Lady seemed to challenge any and all to compete with her.

"Nay, sister, bethink you, our good Robert is old, and cannot keep near us if we ride too rapidly, though he would endeavor to do so, to his own injury."

"Let him stay behind then. Am I forsooth to accommodate myself to the infirmaties of an old man, who will attend to duties not fit for him? If you will not come I will go alone," and Lady Edith paused a moment, reining in her spirited steed, and awaiting her sister's answer.

During this brief coloquy, neither had noticed riding very near them, on a stout red horse, a coarsely clad peasant, who seemed to be endeavoring to pass them, and had placed himself awkwardly in the way, just as the Lady Mary gently and decidedly refused to go.

Lady Edith smiled scornfully, and lifting her riding whip, was about to touch Florain with it, when her eye fell on the peasant in her path.

"Remove from the way," was her haughty command, uttered with the gesture of impatience.

The peasant hastened to obey, but his ill-trained animal bore him more in the way than ever.

"Awkward varlet!" cried the lady, and striking the red horse a heavy blow, which made him spring forward, she spoke to Florain, who needed nothing to urge him on, and in a moment they were flying like the wind over the smooth level before them. The peasant in a few moments reined up, and jogged soberly along, while Lady Mary and old Robert rode at a gentle canter in the same direction as that pursued by Lady Edith, who really rode well, and presented a graceful and beautiful picture, notwithstanding her imperiousness. In a few moments she disappeared over the brow of a hill, taking the road that led through the forest. When Lady Mary and old Robert entered the beautiful winding path that lay in the shade of noble century-old trees, they saw nothing of Edith, nor was the sound of her horse's hoofs to be heard. The turf was soft and green, the wind rustled pleasantly among the leafy branches, and the air was full of the happiness inspired, by this sweet, calm scene. The earth seemed to her very lovely, and this loveliness was reflected in her own beautiful countenance.

But in an instant the scene was changed. Just as they were entering upon a narrow bridle path, where the boughs of the trees hung low over the pathway, Bessie started as if stung by some maddening insect, and sprang violently forward, so that Lady Mary's beautiful head was brought in contact with a large branch, striking her senseless to the ground. Fortunately her dress was flowing free, and her foot was not caught, so that she fell on the soft turf, where she lay still as death, while old Robert dismounted, and with sorrowful exclamations bent over her, to see how much she was injured. The young peasant at this moment came up, and looking with interest on the pale face, eagerly offered his assistance, and hurrying to a brook not far distant, returned with his cap filled with water, which he sprinkled on Mary's pale face. Such was the scene that met the eyes of Lady Edith, as she came gaily back to meet her companions. Uttering a cry of surprise and grief, she flung herself unaided from her horse, who stood quietly, and sprang to the side of her sister, still pale and inanimate.

"She is dead, she is dead!" she exclaimed, while anguish was depicted in her now colorless countenance. "What means all this! My sweet sister—my Mary!" and Edith lifted the insensible form from the ground, and laid that graceful head in her lap, and tried to restore the life that but a moment before bounded in the veins of her lovely sister.

The young peasant placed his hand on Mary's heart, and said gently, "she is not dead, there is a faint motion."

The first moment Edith looked as if she would have withered him by her frowns, for daring to lay his hands on her high-born sister; the next she blessed him for what he said, and while tears trembled on her superb lashes, she desired him to aid in bearing her sister to the side of the brook, which was done in a few moments. In the course of half an hour they succeeded in reviving her to consciousness.

"Where have you brought me, and what has happened?" said she, in sweet but feeble accents, raising her hand to her head, as if bewildered and in pain.

"Do not speak, sister, you have had a sad accident, but you are saved—heaven be praised," and Edith's countenance beamed with affection, as she gazed on her younger sister. At that moment she was exceedingly beautiful.

Old Robert gave audible thanks that his dear young mistress was not killed, while the peasant stood leaning against a tree a few steps distant, his bright intelligent eyes fixed on the scene.

Lady Edith looked at him wistfully. As if divining her thoughts, he immediately with a bow gracefully awkward, desired the privilege of riding back to the castle and sending them assistance.

Lady Edith inclined her haughty head in thanks, as she accepted his courtesy, and asked him if it did not take him from his duty.

"I am a retainer of Sir Edgar Ayling," returned the peasant, while a deep color suffused his cheek. "He accounts the duty of his servants to render aid to those who require it."

"Well and nobly answered," said Lady Edith approvingly. "Go, and when thou comest again to me, I will reward thee."

"And I also," said Lady Mary smiling sweetly.

The young peasant bowed low, and mounting his red horse, rode at a quick gallop up to the castle, and explained his mission. But when he had seen the necessary assistance despatched, he turned not back to the ladies in the forest, but rode thoughtfully away in another direction.

A day or two after this accident, the two ladies were walking forth towards sunset, for Mary did not wish to ride again so soon, and as they walked they cheerfully conversed of passing events. The long golden rays of the evening sun lay aslant the smooth velvet turf, and were broken by the spreading branches of the oaks and lindens that stood in clumps, or singly on the broad and undulating lawn, that swept gradually down from the sides of the castle. Lady Mary looked a shade paler than usual, while the rich color deepened in the cheeks of Lady Edith, as they walked on.—They were speaking of Sir Edgar Ayling, who had twice ridden over to see them, since he had been informed of the accident to Lady Mary.

"He is comely and personable, and sweet of speech withal," said Lady Mary, in a gentle tone.

"I have seen handsomer men, and heard better spoken," replied Edith, hastily. "Nevertheless the youth is well enough. Truly I have naught against him."

"Nay, sister, I heard you say his sentiments were such as became a knight and an honorable gentleman."

"Many a false heart lies under fair speech," said Lady Edith, smiling; "many a simple heart is cozened by fine words. But true or false, what is this Sir Edgar to us more than other gentlemen?"

"Truly nought that I wot of," answered Lady Mary cheerily, but in a moment after was deep in thought, and that about this very Sir Edgar.

Edith was silent, too, and for a time they stood or sauntered slowly on, while the sun was sinking neath the verge of the horizon. Meantime there advanced towards them, leaning on a staff, an infirm old woman, bent down with years of sorrow, and who approached to within a few steps of them unperceived. Presently, as they turned to resume their walk, they noticed her with surprise, and Lady Edith drew back with a haughty displeasure, that one of her condition should presume to come so near. But Lady Mary looked at her with pity and compassion for her age.

The old woman in a feeble voice besought them to have charity for her age and infirmities, and bestow of their abundance on her wants.

"Go to the castle, and ask for the stewart, and he will attend to what you need, said Lady Edith, turning coldly away, and shrinking as if for fear her garment's fold would touch the stranger.

"I am foot-sore and a-weary, Heaven help me," sighed the poor creature. "Have pity on my age, and give me wherewith to find a lodgment to night; to-morrow I must go farther."

Lady Mary took some silver coins, and put them kindly in her hand, saying, "Take these, now, good mother, and yonder cottage will shelter you to-night. To-morrow come up to the castle, inquire for the Lady Mary, and she will do what she may for you;" and not waiting to hear the words of thanks, Lady Mary hurried after her sister, who had walked on, and who reproved her indiscreet generosity sharply, but Lady Mary made no answer.

In a lowly cottage on the skirts of the forest lay a child at the point of death. The room in which it lay was small, and round and over the two casements clustered the large leaves of clematis vitalba, with its purple blossoms almost hidden beneath the luxuriant foliage. The soft summer air stole in through the leafy screen, and fanned the fevered cheek of the poor infant. Near by, with a countenance of intense anxiety, stood its old grandmother, with the tears slowly filling her eyes, and dropping one by one over the surcharged lid. This was the last darling of her dead daughter and on this child her heart had concentrated the affection of her age. Every moan of the sufferer seemed to strike on her very heart, and with trembling anxiety she watched every breath.

There were other watchers there beside that lowly couch. There was a lady, young and beautiful, with mild, soft pitying eyes, and a sweet smile, who spoke gentle words to the child, and bathed its parched lips with the cool draught, and administered the medicine which he took from her without a murmur. And her costly robes were not swept back from that lowly bed, and her white jewelled hand did not shrink from the shrivelled palm of the old grandame. And another, too, was there. The same peasant whom Lady Mary had before seen in the wood, and who, having some skill in leech-craft, acquired when abroad for some years, was now exercising it in behalf of the little Maude.

The eyes of the young peasant were not always upon the child. Ever and anon he stole a glance at the lovely thing before him, but no one spoke, save a few words in a low tone, and after a while not at all, for the crisis of the fever was drawing near, when life or death should declare itself triumphant. A little while before the sick child had been a happy creature, singing all day long, as her little feet and childish hands essayed to save her grandmother from toilsome steps, or assist her in her lighter tasks. Her sunny blue eyes were like the violets she loved to gather, and trip up to the castle to carry to the ladies; who often spoke of her happy, winning ways, and almost always sent back by her some little thing to add to her old grandmother's comfort, for nurse Foster was held in grateful remembrance by Lady Edith and Lady Mary, as well she might be, for was she not their foster-mother, and did she not love the children she had cared for and tended in their infancy and childhood, when their own mother slept in the mould, and the violets grew on the grassy grave which her Lord promised to put her in, as she was dying, for that she could not bear to be placed in the cold, and dark, and narrow tomb?"

And now Lady Mary was requiting the kindness of her old nurse. But where was Lady Edith? Did she never come to visit her foster-mother?

Lady Edith, to say truth, had contented herself with sending kind messages, and whatever else might contribute to the comfort of the c[illegible] and had been but once in person. To-day she was expecting a visitor—Sir Edgar Ayling—and elegantly and elaborately dressed, she seated herself in the library, awaiting his coming. But he came not. At length the lady descried a horseman riding up the hill. It is he, ho! he draws nearer. It is the peasant mounted on Sir Edgar's favorite black courser. She utters an impatient expression of disappointment, and turns away. Presently, the serving man brings her an antique, richly illuminated missal, which Sir Edgar had promised her, and a message, saying that Sir Edgar Ayling would have the honor to present himself at the castle in the evening.

With this the haughty Lady, unaccustomed to disappointment, must be content.

In the meantime the Lady Mary was at the humble bedside of the suffering child. As the day wore on, the little creature became less restless, and finally sunk into a deep sleep.

"From this sleep she will awake to life or death," said the peasant, in a soft voice.

The Lady Mary, casting a parting glance at the sleeper now lying pale as a lily, and whispering a few words of encouragement to her old nurse, promised to send in the course of an hour or two, and see what might be the issue of the struggle.

The peasant brought her "gentle Bessie" to the door of the cottage, and with a grace she did not expect, assisted her to mount.

As she rode slowly away, he stood and gazed long after her, ere he re-entered the cottage. In a few hours the soft violet eyes opened and looked languidly around the room, and the sweet childish voice called her grandmother to the side of little Maude. Though indeed she was already near, she came nearer, bent over and kissed her darling, with a devout ejaculation of praise to God, for she saw with the keen perception of affection that a favorable change had taken place.

Quiet and careful nursing would restore her sweet child, and Lady Mary had sent a good and careful person to be with her till the child was better, and able to go out again among the flowers.

And a joyful and grateful message did Lady Mary receive that night from her foster-mother.

Evening came, and the two sisters sat together in one of the large drawing-rooms of the antique building. The soft light of silver lamps shed a mild radiance through the apartment. The Lady Mary's cheek was paler than usual, and the long fringe of her lashes drooped more heavily than was wont over the large, mild orbs beneath them. But the light danced and sparkled in the eyes of Lady Edith, and a rich glow suffused her cheek, and her parted lips just disclosing teeth whiter than pearls, betokened pleased expectancy.

The Lady Edith looked superbly beautiful and her bearing was proud and regal.

At length Sir Edgar Ayling was announced, and in a moment he entered, richly dressed in the graceful costume of those old days, and his long, silky soft hair sweeping in graceful waves down to his falling shoulders. A faint color played over the Lady Mary's pale cheek, as she welcomed him, though but for a moment only.

The keen dark eyes of Sir Edgar glanced from one to the other, but they rested longer on Lady Mary's subdued loveliness, than on the dazzling beauty of her sister.

"The lady Edith will forgive my apparent negligence of the morning," said Sir Edgar; "but urgent duties claimed me elsewhere."

"I must perforce forgive you, Sir Knight, even if I were not disposed to do it willingly," said Lady Edith, smiling graciously. "But instead of forgiveness, permit me to offer you thanks for the exquisitely rich missel I received from your hands this morning."

"I am gratified that it met with favor in your sight. You noticed the man by whom I sent it? The missal is one he procured for me at Rome. He hath a singular taste in these matters."

"I have been surprised," said Lady Mary, "to see how superior he seems to his rank in life. He

...acquirements not usual to those in so ...a grade."

"...on have seen somewhat of him at old dame ...ter's, as he has told me."

"Yes," answered the Lady Mary, coloring deeply.

"You told me not of it," said Lady Edith quickly, looking earnestly at her sister.

Lady Mary felt that she looked confused and embarrassed, under the searching gaze of those brilliant eyes. But she summoned resolution to reply, that she did not think it of sufficient account to speak of.

"Why should you?" said Sir Edgar, a slight smile quivering on his finely curved lip. "But I fear it is otherwise with poor Robert. Partly by chance, partly by skilful questioning, I learned that his presumptuous heart dares to beat quicker at the approach of the Lady Mary de Wolfe, and that her voice rings sweeter music in his ear than the softest lute can breathe. But I crave your pardon, I ought not to have spoken thus," and Sir Edgar checked himself suddenly.

The Lady Mary was covered with confusion, but the Lady Edith's dark eyes flashed fire, as she exclaimed—

"Presumptuous slave! How dare he lift his base-born eyes to the daughter of an ancient race like ours? I would have him scourged like a hound from the gates."

"Though a peasant, he is not 'base-born,'" said Sir Edgar, calmly. "And I see not wherein he has so deeply erred, as he has never intimated his folly to the object of his adoration."

"The very thought itself is worthy of death," cried the haughty Lady Edith, while she drew her tall form up to its full height, and stood like an offended queen before her disloyal subjects.

"Then do you not believe that a pure love ennobles the one who feels it?" remarked Sir Edgar, courteously.

"But he has no right to feel it, unless my foolish sister has given a sanction to his daring folly, by her romantic ideas of what she owes to humanity," and there was a cold sneer in Lady Edith's tone, fatal to all her proud beauty.

Then turned Sir Edgar to the Lady Mary, who with mild dignity prepared herself to reply to her sister's charge, and before she could utter a word, said in his deep manly voice, "If Lady Mary has never given by word or look the least encouragement to the poor peasant's romantic dream, let me beseech you to do so now, for behold him a suitor at your feet."

Lady Mary looked at Sir Edgar in sweet bewilderment; and not till he had repeated his request could she find words wherewith to answer him, and while she gave him the reply he sought, she asked him wonderingly, what his disguise might mean.

And then he told her how he wished, free from conventional forms, to read her character, and how he had assumed that disguise, which he would have changed for another, had it not been so successful. Black hair and eyebrows, and stained complexion and hands, a course, ill-fitting dress—this was easy, and brought him into contact with those who knew the Ladies well, and from whom he could hear what he could not hear as Sir Edgar Ayling.

"Strange that I did not recognize you," said Lady Mary, blushing, as her eye rested for a moment on the animated face of her suitor.

"Not very strange, for I think you never looked at me," retorted Sir Edgar, gaily.

Lady Mary knew better in her heart, but she did not say it aloud.

"It was more strange," continued he, "that you did not mistrust the old woman who asked alms of you on the lawn."

"Why should I? Surely that was not you."

"It was myself who took that method to see how much power sweet Charity possessed in your heart. Forgive me for not believing you at once to be all I felt you must be, the first morning your sweet voice sounded on my ear."

"Nay, thou Proteus, how am I to know if this is now thyself, or some other disguise, to cheat me with?"

"Assure thyself of my identity, though I did not intend to have thrown off my disguise so soon, had it not been to defend thee from the shadow of blame in this matter. But where is Lady Edith?"

They looked around surprised to find themselves alone. Truth is, Lady Edith had left the room, burning with mingled feelings of outraged pride, disappointment and resentment.

When she met Sir Edgar again her haughty brow was calm as ever, her proud lip wore its scornful smile. He never knew how fiery a lava torrent had rolled over her heart, but deemed that she had fulfilled a happy destiny, when she wedded the Duke of Devon, wealthier and in nobler rank and lineage than himself, but as he believed not half so rich in one sweet treasure, a loved and loving wife.

Written for the Lily.

THE NEBULAR THEORY.

SECTION V.

THE MOON.

We are not confined to the earth, in our investigations of the effects of heat. The improvement of the telescope has been so grand and successful, that we bring the surface of the moon under examination, and find the indications of heat strikingly illustrated in every feature. Volcanoes of huge craters are seen to disgorge lava upon extensive plains covered with scoria, and the most indubitable proofs of convulsive elevations of the surface of that satelite. Hence, we conclude, that the interior of the moon is similar to that of the earth, pointing out their common origin as before described.

These are some of the proofs of the existence of heat within those bodies whose origin are brought under our notice in these reflections; for if the earth and moon exhibit such internal constructions, may we not extend the application to other worlds, especially as there is nothing that stands opposed to it, however minute the investigation.

The fact that a period of indefinite length is required for this infinite variety of changes, first suggests itself in these sections, not only for the formation of separate spheres, but for those spheres to so far undergo revolution upon revolution, in order to bring them to a proper condition for the maintainance of life. This process would evidently demand countless years to perfect it. When the earth had detached itself from the mass of the solar system, and, as it were with difficulty, parted with a portion of itself in constructing the moon, it continued the order of consolidation till the period of the Demiurgic revolution. What length of duration is required for this, we can only say, that in our opinion, millions of years must have elapsed. And when God looked upon this dark, uncouth, fog-begirt sphere we now inhabit, he saw that still other changes must be effected prior to making it the abode of organic life. "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."—And now the earth was prepared to enter into those changes which are comprised in the Demiurgic period, and here science and sacred history accord in proclaiming the order of that creation harmoniously—1st, in the exhibition of light; 2d, in clearing the earth of mist, raising the vapor above the globe, sustaining it in the form of clouds, separate from the water below; 3d, seperating the land from the water,—then commenced grass to grow, "and herb yielding seed after his kind, and tree yielding fruit after his kind." In the animal kingdom sprung the inhabitants of the ocean, the fowls of the air, the creeping things of the land, the beasts of the field, and lastly man. No less definitely than scripture does science point out these successive creations. By studying the various strata of the earth, we trace organic remains, in both animal and vegetable kingdoms down from the present species, and genera to a lower and still lower organization, when we come to a strata in which no species of organic life ever existed,—thus affording strong testimony that the earth was in being long prior to the institution of the life principle. Some differences of opinion, however, yet exist as to the length of the Demiurgic days. But considering both the geological facts and uncertainty of the knowledge of scripture measurement of time throws the balance of testimony in favor of indefinite length.

Comstock, a noted *book maker*, with some of greater and many of less capacity maintains that a literal day of twenty-four hours is understood, while scores, and much the best authors, claim that an indefinite period is figuratively disclosed by the sacred historian, and fully substantiate, among the records of nature that lie open to view. Our task however does not require us to disturb this question, or farther to pursue the history of the earth. It suffices us, if we can by any effort of which we are capable, advance a knowledge of the workings of those physical agents that modify every portion of creation around us, and show in what manner their forces were employed in the early stages of the history of matter.

Magnetism is a world within itself which has but lately made its appearance among the luminaries of science. It enlightens every step of research, in the study of natural objects. It is intimately connected with the secret springs of life, supports mental and physical action, and as *the wonder* of the nineteenth century, facilitates all the resources that make a nation great and wise, binding together the spreading brotherhood of our rising republic. What secrets it may yet unfold, what illusions dispel, what important services it may yet perform, are questions weighty with interest, and we would bear some humble part in the progress of their development.

Seneca Falls, May, 1849. W. C. M.

The Drunkard's Wife.

What an affliction is the woman's, whose partner, supporter, defender, cherisher, is a drunkard, and consequently unfitted for the discharge of a husband's obligations! How must her heart have sunk, when first he showed the tokens of a drunkard! Then the fearful forebodings of the future, realized as it came, beyond all the heart could imagine! Drunken sons, quarreling, biting, bruising, tormenting; reputation, honor, property, earthly hope fled, and eternity coming with all the terrors of a second death! Well might she say, "I have no comfort but in God." Were this a solitary case, such as never happened before, such as no one else ever saw, who could believe it? O! that it were such an unheard of thing, that nobody would believe it, without the most substantial proof, Yet it is so common that it excites little surprise. Probably such case may be found in every town and city in America.

Who can be so inhuman as to hold the cup to his neighbors mouth? Many ten thousands.—Who can give authority to those thousands to fill the drunkard with drink, his wife with woe unmeasured, and his children with fury? The good people of the state of New York! It is done, and a majority of the voters have done it! It is done according to law. It is done just as our rulers appoint; and just as we, the people, desire to have them! We? No: a large majority are against it; but drunkards vote, and venders vote, and an immoral community sustain them.

Whiskey is reported as "sales heavy." Cargoes heavy, too, we should think, for we sometimes see those who can hardly stagger under their load.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.

The Mayor of N. Y. is beginning in good earnest to shut up the Sunday grog shops. Another good thing.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

Written for the Lily.

Carry Me Back.

Virginia's woods were clothed in green,
When from my home I turned,
With hope to win undying fame,
My youthful genius burned—
I'm dying now in a foreign land,
Life's cherished dream is o'er;
Oh carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

I'm dying, dying, all alone,
And not a friend is near,
No brother's voice, no sisters sigh,
Falls on my dying ear.
Oh! for a heart that loves me now,
Ere life's wild dream is o'er,
To carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

If it may not be—'neath Italia's sky,
Oh let me gently sleep,
Where sparkling Tiber's yellow waves
To ocean's bosom sweep:
And there in slumbers soft I'll lie,
And dream forever more,
That you've carried me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

R. H. B.

[For the Lily.

PENCIL SKETCHES, No. 2.

BY IRENE.

"Oh sister, I am so cold! my fingers and my feet ache. Rub them as you did yesterday and they will get well."

Thus spoke a little thin, pale, sickly looking child to his sister, who sat crouched upon the floor beside him. The room or rather cellar, in which they sat, so damp, low and cheerless, was entirely vacant, with the exception of a heap of straw in one corner. Upon it was stretched the father of these two suffering children, in the profound stupor of the drunkard's sleep. There he lay—his long matted hair half hiding the unsightly features of his red and bloated face. All that was once noble and manly had disappeared. The vivid intellect was blighted; the holy emotions of his soul were hushed; the tender and pure affections of his heart were withered. His guardian angel had fled weeping from him, and now, none but gibbering, frightful demons, tormented his spirit and flitted in his sleeping and his waking dreams.

Degraded and senseless, he forgot the two lonely ones, who plead in vain with tearful eyes and faces full of sorrow and misery. Poor Jenny felt that she was alone—yet not quite alone, for she loved dearly the little brother whom she now drew closer to her, to warm him into life. Then taking the ragged shawl that but half covered her own shoulders, folded its shreds about the child—and as he nestled still closer she put her arms around him, and placing her wan cheek upon his, tried to shield him from the cold.

"Don't cry Willy, to-morrow I will get you some bread and gather some coal, and you shall not be hungry or cold."

The child was quieted for a time, and Jenny closed her eyes and wondered where she should get it; for all day she wandered and brought back only some bits of dry bread, all of which she had given her famishing brother. She had eat nothing. Her thoughts flitted back to the past. How her heart ached as she remembered the home of her prattling childhood, when all gathered around the neatly spread table and partook of the delightful repast—and how after tea her father used to take his idolized Jenny upon his knee and listen to her happy laugh; and then before she said good night, she knelt in her mother's lap and said her nightly prayer, "Our Father who art in Heaven," &c.

That mother was dead and Jenny and her brother were alone now, for the father seemed to have forgotten their existence. She did not weep, but smiled; and when the child's faint voice, went to her heart as he plead—"I am so cold and hungry"—she replied softly, "never mind dear Willy, perhaps we shall go where mother is to-night—perhaps God will take us to Heaven."

Again the child was quiet and soon it fell asleep. Jenny crept closer in the dark corner and tho't it was warmer, though the snow still blew in, and the cold piercing wind still howled and moaned. The thin and delicate frame ceased to shiver and shake as it had all day, and she contentedly fell asleep with Willy clasped closely in her arms. That was a sweet long sleep—for they never awoke.

The father's heart was full of remorse at the misery and death he had caused—but it was *too late*, for them and for *him*. He could not conquer his appetite. He had trifled with the wine-cup. He, like a thousand others had said, "I can take care of myself! I can let it alone if it injures me! I am not such a fool as to drink to excess."

The *first* glass he received from a young lady at a select soiree—his last, in the dismal, desolate cellar that he called his home. He was lost—lost—and forgotten in the dark depths of a drunkard's grave.

Auburn, May, 1849.

For the Lily.

By Gone Days.

It is sweet in some lonely, solitary hour, to wander in imagination over the loved haunts of our childhood, and to brood over the memory of joys departed, and scenes hallowed by friendship.—Yes 'tis sweet, but yet tis sad. It is with a kind of pleasing melancholy, that my thoughts revert to the scenes of my youthful days, and call up before my mind's eye one after another the companions of my childhood. When indulging these thoughts, the question ever arises—where are now those friends of my youth? Alas! I hardly know. Some are scattered abroad in distant lands, I know not where. Others have winged their flight to a better world; some are enjoying happiness and prosperity—others are drinking the bitter dregs of poverty and sorrow. With but one or two of them all, am I now permitted to hold familiar intercourse.

Among my many childhood's friends, there was one dearer to me than all the rest. I can never think of her now but the "unbidden tear" will flow. Memory loves to linger over the many happy hours spent in her society, and recall scene after scene, in which she was a partaker in my childish sports and pastimes. Together we trod the road to school—together we were seated when there—always in the same class—always pursuing the same studies—always one in our likes and dislikes—and when we were freed from school, then we went forth hand in hand, to seek some new enjoyment. We were fond of rambling by the river side, and many were the objects we found which afforded us diversion, although in one instance of this kind which I will mention, what was sport to us, was to others a more serious affair.

Following the river's course up a little out of the village, we found a little cove where the water was very low, scarcely covering the ancles.—A mill race ran parallel with the river, and at the place of which I speak, a stone wall had been built across what appeared to be an outlet from the race into the river. This was necessary in order to retain the water in the race, for carrying the extensive machinery located upon it. In our wanderings we espied this place, and at once determined to amuse ourselves by playing in the water. Our shoes were laid aside, and we waded into this shallow bed of the river, directly beneath, and against the stone wall. Here with the stones which covered its bottom, we built quite a city. House after house arose as if by magic, wells were easily dug and walled up, and many were the curiosities which we brought to light. At length we were attracted by a stream of water which came pouring through the wall. This we called our Niagara Falls, and immediately set to work to improve it. To do this, stone after stone was torn from the wall until at length a large stream poured through. Oh! it was a beautiful sight to see it come leaping and foaming—bounding from stone to stone in its descent, until it reached a level, and then mingled with other waters and glided onward.

To us this was delightful pastime, and little did we think there was harm in it. We toiled until nearly dark the first day, and then returned home to await another time to finish our work. School out the next day, we again repaired to the spot.—But sad to relate, our beautiful falls were entirely destroyed. The stones had been replaced in the wall, and our labor had all been in vain. We felt very indignant at this, and at once set about doing our work over again. We ceased not in our labors until the shades of night closed around us and compelled us to leave the spot. Again we went, and again our work was destroyed. Once more we set to work to repair the wrong done us, bestowing anything but love upon the perpetrator of the deed.

We were busily at work in water half way to our knees, with our dresses pinned up to keep them from getting wet—talking the meanwhile with childish volubility and little heeding aught around us, when suddenly the harsh voice of a man sounded in our ears. "Girls did you do this?" We were startled as if by an electric shock and upon turning around we beheld Mr. S., the owner of the first mill below us. We were so confused that we did not reply until he had repeated his question, "did you do this?"—"No sir," replied my friend. Why M——, yes we did, I exclaimed. It was useless to deny it with the evidence before him, and I wondered that she should attempt it. She was so confused however, that she hardly knew what she said.

He then went on to tell us that by taking the stones from the wall the water in the race became so low that the mill stopped, and in searching for the cause he found it there, and with some difficulty replaced the stones. The mill had to lie still some time in consequence. Thus day after day had the same thing occurred—he repairing the wall and we tearing it down, without his discovering who did it, "till at last," said he, "I have caught you at it." He gave us a good scolding, and threatened us pretty hard if we ever went there again. We were frightened at the mischief we had done, and with sorrowful hearts left the spot and never returned there more.

Often in after life when talking over our childish follies, did we bring up this scene and enjoy a hearty laugh over it. It is more vividly traced upon memory's tablet than any other, and I ever recall it now, with both a smile and a tear.

But where is now that friend—the sharer of my girlhood's joys and sorrows? Alas! they have laid her to rest in the cold and silent grave, and heaped the earth upon her bosom. Short was her pilgrimage here. Ere she had seen thirty summers the great destroyer *consumption*, marked her for its victim. Her husband soon followed her, and now they lie side by side, with their little one who went before them, in a cemetry not far distant. Friendship drops a tear to her memory.

I have the pleasing assurance that she died the death of a christian, and that her freed spirit is now enjoying a Saviour's smiles, Be it mine to so live here, that I may again meet her in that bright world, and share with her the joys of the redeemed!

A Blossom

It is stated in the N. O. Crescent City, that Mrs. Prewett, formerly of that city, is editor of the Yazoo City Whig, a first rate Whig paper. She shows much ability and practical knowledge in her editorials. We have no doubt that she makes a much better and more efficient advocate of Whig principles than many editors of the other gender; for ladies seem to have been designed by nature for Whigs, while men are usually *forced* into Whiggery by their *love of country*. [Ex.

THE LILY.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1849.

Look at this.

In consequence of our first number being exhausted, we offer the Lily at a greatly reduced price. We will furnish it to new subscribers, beginning with the February number, for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. We hope our readers will interest themselves for us, and send on a good list of new subscribers at the above rate.

Right has Triumphed!

Contrary to the expectations of the people of this town, our Board of Excise have decided to grant no licenses for the ensuing year. The board stood two for, and two against license, when the Supervisor, by the casting vote, decided in favor of temperance and morality. This is the more cheering, because unexpected. Mr. Tyler, the Supervisor, has been supposed to be favorable to the rum interest, and it was believed that his influence would be for it. His refusal to legalize the sale of intoxicating drinks, is a source of much gratification to the moral and temperate part of community, and, no doubt, of much disappointment and regret to the venders and drinkers of alcoholic poison.

Of the two individuals who were willing to aid a class of men in scattering pauperism, crime and death broadcast over the land, blackening and destroying every thing that comes within their reach, we have nothing to say; they are known to be on the side of intemperance, and have acted in accordance with their well known principles.

We believe that no man, unless he loves the foul poison himself, or is perfectly reckless of the frightful amount of misery he will cause thereby, can unhesitatingly affix his name to so black a thing, and so foul a lie, as a license to sell intoxicating drinks. Can these license granters—*dare they*, under oath, say, that the rumsellers of the present day are men of "*good moral character?* A rumseller a moral man! It is a contradiction of terms—it is a libel upon the truth, to call him one. The day has passed when the people would look upon the business of making paupers, beggars, thieves and murderers, as an honorable calling—as a moral business.

We are not much versed in the law, but as we understand it, license to sell intoxicating drinks is to be given to none but men possessing "good moral characters." If then it is true (and few doubt it,) that the sale of such drinks is the cause of more *crime* and *immorality* than all other causes combined, can he who engages in such a business be a *moral* man? We believe he cannot. If not, then the giving a certificate to the effect that he is, is contrary to law, and those giving such certificates should be called upon to answer to the law for such violations thereof.

The rumseller a *moral* man! So is the thief, the house-breaker and the highwayman as much. Nay, we sometimes think these latter less guilty than the former. They may rob you of worldly wealth, but they seldom kill the body, and cannot destroy the soul; while the vender of alcohol not only robs his victims of property and reputation, but sooner or later destroys both body and soul. "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." The Almighty has said it, but mortal man, as if taking delight in plucking souls from heaven, and as if in contempt of his Maker, makes it lawful and right for a class of men to engage in drunkard making, and calls it a moral business!

It is evident that those who are willing to bear the infamy of such a deed are becoming scarce among the officers of justice. We see this evidence all around us. The Common Council of Rochester have decided to grant no licenses in that city for the ensuing year. In Auburn, with one exception, the Common Council were unanimous in voting against license. We envy not the reputation of that *one*—that pretended friend of temperance whose name will stand recorded as that of a traitor to the cause he had professed to love. We have more respect for the open opposer of our cause than for such an one as he.—In Syracuse, the Common Council has resolved unanimously, not to grant licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks. In many other places heard from, both north and south, east and west, there has been a decision of the Boards of Excise to refuse to legalize the traffic in liquid poison.—This is truly cheering and clearly proves that the temperance cause is gaining ground.

There will of course be much liquor sold in all of these places in defiance of law; yet it is strange that it should be so—strange that men of "good moral character" should be open violators of law!! But if men must sell and drink the poison, it is better that it be done without the sanction of law to shield and give respectability to it. What is in itself wrong, law can never make right, and the legalizing the cruel and deadly business of vending alcoholic poison, has too long stood a foul blot upon our statute books.—The friends of right, temperance, morality and humanity, are waging a hostile warfare against these laws, and they will never cease the strife until the victory is won, and the dark stain wiped out.

Sons' Anniversary.

The "Sons" met at their Hall agreeable to notice on the 12th ult. The room was well filled, although we noticed that many of the Sons were absent. T. W. BROWN, the talented editor of the Cayuga Chief, addressed the meeting. We will not attempt a description of the address.—As far as we have heard, all who listened to his remarks were highly pleased with them. For our own part, we have not heard one in whom we were more interested for a long time, with the exception of Gough. His manner of telling stories was highly amusing, and afforded subject for conversation many days. We had the pleasure of entertaining the Chief in our own lodge, and we found that though a stern and relentless warrior when wielding the tomahawk and scalping knife against the oppressor and destroyer of his race, yet he has a warm and generous heart, that beats with love and sympathy for the wronged and the oppressed. The minions of alcohol have an able foe to cope with in him, and he will never suffer his weapons to rust while he has an arm to wield them.

We have long known the Chief through his writings, and we were glad of this opportunity of becoming acquainted with him personally. We hope, Mr. Chief, that your ride in the rain done you no harm, and that you will not forget the promise you made us.

Smoking, fashionable for Ladies!

Some time ago, a fashionable lady, recently returned from Paris, rather astonished the Broadway promenaders, by sitting in the balcony of a hotel in the afternoon, and smoking her cigar.—The other day the *Sun* stated that two fashionably dressed ladies passed down Fulton street, each with a cigar in her mouth.

If this fashion takes among the ladies, we predict a reformation, in consequence, among the gentlemen. It is certainly just as right for one sex to smoke, or use tobacco in any way, as the other. Flesh, blood and nerves are much the same in ladies as in gentlemen, and there is no argument in favor of smoking or against it, which will not apply just as forcibly to one sex as the other—but if the ladies insist on their equal rights in this matter we predict a compromise, for it is certain that most men would rather give up chewing and smoking than have their wives and daughters become addicted to either.

So ladies, if you wish to reform our barbarous sex, try the homœpathic principle of like cures like. Get your fine cut and regalias and you will soon bring the men to terms.

We clip the above from the "Weekly Universe," and fully concur in the sentiment it contains. If the use of tobacco is a luxury, why should we be denied our share of the enjoyment? Surely we have an equal right to it. Yet how many there are who are themselves slaves to this filthy weed, who would be shocked at the sight of a lady smoking a cigar. The same remarks would apply with equal force to the use of intoxicating drinks. If it is *necessary* and *right*, that there should be a grog shop on every corner, that *man* may drink, and smoke, and enjoy himself, it is *equally necessary* and *right* that woman should have her share of such enjoyments. Let such places be resorted to by our sex, and would there be no voice raised for their suppression? Would man have no fears for our safety? Could we remain pure and uncontaminated by such associations? Where, then, we ask, is the difference? What *reason* is there, why man should be allowed to indulge in practices, which it is degrading for woman to adopt?

The idea has too long existed that man may degrade and debase himself by the vilest practices, and yet be respected; while woman is forbidden to step beyond the bounds which he has set, under penalty of having her character destoyed, and her happiness blasted forever.

We wish to see some reform in this respect. We would by no means have our sex follow the bad example set them by the "lords of creation," but we would have them shun, and despise in *them*, what they would condemn in *us*. Could they but see their vile habits in all their deformity, entailed upon their wives and daughters, they would at once abandon them, and stop at no sacrifice to eradicate the evil. But while we have full belief in the success of the remedy, we wish not to have it applied; nor can we think so lightly of the good sense of our sex as to believe them capable of adopting a practice so base; *the thought is too revolting!*

The practice of the small proprieties of life to a congenial spirit soon ceases to be a study; it rapidly becomes a mere habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct.

PLAIN TALK.—Mrs. Swisshelm editor of the *Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor*, is in favor of horse-whipping drunkards to reform them, and in answer to those who charge her with a want of womanly sympathy, quotes the passage, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' In speaking of the grog shops and their victims, she uses the following strong language. It will truly be called incendiary doctrine by some, yet there are many who will heartily endorse it; and were it not for fear of the punishment which would follow, there are those whose cruel sufferings would induce them to carry it out in practice.

Men are allowed by law to destroy the lives and property of their fellow men, but should their victims retaliate and injure their property in turn, the penalty would be imprisonment for life. Such is the consistency of the law in this land of boasted liberty and equality! But hear Mrs. Swisshelm:

If we were a man—if we were a voter—we would *vote down* the doggeries. As we are a woman, if we had a husband, father or brother, who was likely to become a victim to the serpent of the still, we would take the disease in time—in the first stages—and warn the dram-sellers within reach, not to encroach on our hearth; and if they persisted we would *burn down* their establishments with as clear a conscience as we would build a fire to burn the June bugs and save our plums.

This will be called incendiary doctrine; but desperate diseases want desperate remedies;—and where our own happiness and the life and soul and honor of one dear to us, are at stake, it would not be well for the man who stood between us and his salvation, if we had concluded that salvation possible. We would never advise any one to such a remedy; for the penalty would be imprisonment for life; but we would consider this a positive blessing compared to loathing the besotted face of one we had loved. To us, no object on earth is so loathsome, so hateful, so abominable as a drunkard. We could not live, near one, for we should die of a sick stomach. It may be very angelic for a pure-minded, virtuous woman to love and caress a great drunken beast, but for our share we have not the slightest pretensions to being an angel, and the coil of an Anaconda would be quite as pleasant a corsage as the entwining of a drunkard's arm. From the smell they have on the street, one would imagine the angel that staid near them long would require to be pretty strongly scented with brimstone. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and people are forbidden to be unequally yoked! We can think of no yoke so unequal as that which would bind a decent woman to a drunkard; and we most firmly believe that so far from its being a duty for a wife to live with a drunken husband it is a violation of the laws of God, and the dictates of common sense and common decency. A woman who will persist in so living, should be shut up in a lunatic asylum. Grant it, that she has a right to dispose of herself as she pleases! Has she any right to entail misery and degredation upon a helpless offspring? Has she any right to furnish the state with paupers and criminals? Has the drunkard any right to hand down his vices and their consequences to posterity?

☞ We receive many approving and encouraging letters from friends abroad, accompanied in some cases with something more substantial than words. This is gratifying to us. Were we entitled to the *franking* privilege we would answer many of the letters sent us, but as we are not, we do not like to subject either ourself or our correspondents to unnecessary postage. Friends, one and all, we thank you for your good wishes and efforts in our behalf.

May Day Festival in Boston.

We have received from some nameless friend in Boston, two temperance tracts, and a very neat copy of the order of exercises of the 'May Day Juvenile Temperance Festival of the children of Boston in Tremont Temple, May, 1849. We find in the *Republican* the following account of the meeting:

It is but speaking the words of truth and soberness to say, that the meeting above mentioned was decidedly the fullest and best of all the splendid Temperance meetings held in this city within one year past. Among the gentlemen present were Gov. Briggs, Hon. Josiah Quincy, late President of Harvard College, Josiah Quincy, Jr., late Mayor, Hon. Wm. B. Calhoun, Secretary, Alderman Grant, Rev. Messrs. Waterson, Banvard, Stone, and many other clergymen and gentlemen of distinction.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr. presided in his own peculiarly happy manner, and never seemed more at home, or in better spirits. The exercises were diversified and well proportioned between the declamations of small boys, singing of Temperance Songs, by the children of both sexes, and the speeches of gentlemen. All the exercises were carried on in fine style.

The singing was performed with great exactness of time and manner. The boys who came forward as speakers, five or six in number, were all very young, apparently not more than nine or ten years old, yet spoke like veterans in oratory. The men who addressed the audience were the late Mayor Quincy, who, as President, had occasion to speak often though briefly—Rev. Mr. Waterson, Deacon Grant, Rev. Mr. Banvard, and Gov. Briggs. The speeches were all short, but to the point, and full of eloquence and animation. An almost constant cross-firing of wit, was kept up between the President, Quincy, and Deacon Grant, which kept the Juveniles in high glee, and contributed not a little to the amusement of the older ones. Dea. Grant, who is apt to feel young and sportive on these joyous occasions, represented himself as a Boston boy, and actually went nearly through with a rehearsal of the time-honored juvenile address,

"You'd scarce expect one of my age," &c.,

which convulsed the boys with laughter.

Considering the age and the immense number of the children present, they were very orderly; and parents, as well as children, were, evidently, highly entertained. In short it was a splendid May-day Festival.

Wonder if Deacon Grant knew anything about the package we received? We tender our thanks to him for it, at a venture.

Mrs. Swisshelm Again.

While some papers are commending Mrs. Swisshelm for her talk about burning grog shops, others are taking her to task for it. To judge from the little we have seen of her writings, they may as well keep still, for she is more than a match for them. We copy below in part her reply to the Erie Gazette on the subject. Whether our readers agree with her or not, we think it will interest them to hear a woman speak her mind, and see what a stand she dares to take on this subject:

The Gazette thinks our talk about burning grog shops is "in bad taste;" but commends our spirit, and thinks we "will make an impression on our age." That is just what we want to do; and if we could impress the women of the age with the determination to give no tolerance to dram-sellers, or dram-drinkers, it would be well worth our while to live. Our idea of burning grog shops against law, is in no worse *taste* than erecting them according to law. Man, coolly, deliberately, and wilfully establishes these moral pestilences, to desolate hearth-stones—rob women of all he holds dear—fathers, husbands, brothers, of comfort, happiness, life itself, and in his usurped power—for mark you, Mr. Gazette, I hold men who presume to make laws for us without our consent, a set of usurpers—he deprives her of every *lawful* means to remove the nuisance. The ballot box is the creator of our dram-shops, and this *alone* can destroy them; but the use of this all powerful weapon woman is denied. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, but woman can not obey *this law* without violating yours.—She cannot preserve her home, her happiness, her life, without setting your silly, wicked laws at defiance. You not only insist upon your right to make her husband a drunkard, but you make laws to compel her to live with him, nay, to love him, after you have made him thus metamorphosed. You clothe him with the power to murder her by slow tortures; and to rob her of her children, if she seek freedom from his brutality and tyranny. I tell you, you are an organized band of unscrupulous tyrants, who have united in the plentitude of your brute force to oppress the weak—to enforce taxation without representation, and I do not care one straw for your laws.

☞ The Cayuga Chief pays the following tribute of praise to the Temperance House in this village:

We found a first class hotel at Bro. Isaac Fuller's—an obliging, gentlemanly and attentive host, and everything calculated to render the stay of the traveller comfortable and agreeable. In his case, as in a thousand others, a large portion of the temperance community go thoughtlessly by, not even calling to give him a word of cheer.—But his house is rapidly winning the patronage of quiet, order-loving people. We urge upon all who pass through the village of Seneca Falls to call on Bro. Fuller and see whether these things are so.

This tribute is just. It has been a disgrace to our village for a long time that we had not a respectable hotel it; but this can no longer be said of us. Woodworth's Hotel, kept by Isaac Fuller, on the south side of the river, is all that can be wished for by the traveler or sojourner among us, who loves comfort and good order. The "other creature comforts" advertised as being kept in the bar of other taverns here, cannot be found at Mr. Fuller's. We hope our readers who may have occasion to visit this place, will test the truth of these remarks, by giving him a call.

A lady who had recently arrived at Rochester, in one of the Western stages, gave a description to one of the editors of that city of the annoyance she experienced from the floods of tobacco juice which were *slashing* around her, and in which she found it impossible to keep her clothes from swimming, and she suggested a remedy for the evil to which the editor respectfully calls the attention of those who can control these matters. She suggested that one car should be exclusively appropriated to those who munch the filthy weed, to be specially labelled, the "Tobacco Chewers' and Smokers' Car." We say Amen, let them have it all to themselves.

TEMPERANCE.—There are now more than 1,500,000 people who abstain from the use of ardent spirits and from furnishing it to others—more than 5,000 temperance societies, embracing 600,000 members. More than 2,000 distilleries have been stopped—more than 5,000 merchants have ceased from the traffic. It is estimated that 30,000 persons are now sober, who, had it not been for the temperance societies would have been sots; and that 20,000 families are now at ease and comfort who would otherwise have been in poverty and disgrace.

If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

For the Lily.

Tobacco.

I am aware that I tread upon forbidden ground when I bring this subject into notice; but a consciousness of the injurious effects which tobacco has upon the human system—the ignorance which prevails in regard to its properties and effects, together with the abhorrence with which I instinctively look upon its use, have induced me to give the readers of "The Lily" some of my ideas in reference to the loathsome habit. The more immediately exciting cause however is, I noticed in the last number of the Lily an extract from a work on "Etiquette and the usages of Society," in which were "certain restrictions" imposed upon those who *would* use tobacco. Now every individual has his own ideas of etiquette to some extent peculiar to himself. According to mine, the use of tobacco at any time is indecorous; as the individual who makes use of it is morally, intellectually, and physically, less of a man than he otherwise would be, and is accordingly less perfectly adapted for pure and refined society.—One would be considered a violator of the rules of etiquette who should appear in company with clothes exhaling the scent peculiar to that small animal, the viverra mephitis; but I think he would be as excusable as one whose garments, hair, and breath exhaled the offensive smell of tobacco, even though the otto of roses were used to overcome the odor. The smell of tobacco in any form imparts to me death-like sensations, accompanied by vertigo and nausea. Sensations, which in my intercourse with society I am often obliged to endure; and these I believe to be peculiar susceptibilities of the healthful living tissues, which, when unimpaired, immediately detect the presence of deleterious substances, and call upon all the instinctive energies of the system to throw them off when the action of the poison is sufficiently powerful to endanger the vital welfare of the body. It will be urged that with some who have never made use of tobacco, the effect is far otherwise. True, but whether they have acquired a fondness for the smell, or whether from any cause it is hereditary, the laws remain the same; and they are to be pitied because they are deprived of that sentinel which is the birthright of all. The young lady who has acquired a fondness for tobacco smoke by her intercourse with that large class of young men who habitually use it, (in the company of ladies too,) or whether by its issuing in curling wreaths from her own lips, has so far departed from that exalted position which every woman should maintain, and necessarily diminished her influence for good, in addition to its pernicious effects upon herself.

Tobacco is one of the most powerful narcotic poisons in the vegetable kingdom; as an evidence of which we will observe its effects upon one entirely unaccustomed to its use. Should such an one take into his mouth at once as much as a tobacco eater ordinarily would, and chew and retain it there, the salivary glands would be excited to secrete a large amount of saliva, which flowing upon the naturally susceptible nerves of the oral cavity, would excite them to instantly give the alarm. "The distressing sympathy would soon extend to the stomach and brain, and thence through the whole system. All the energies of vital resistance would be summoned up, and the most loathsome sickness by vomiting and otherwise, would be instinctively resorted to for the purpose of ejecting the poison. If the vital energies were sufficient to sustain the conflict till the offending cause was removed, the individual would survive; if not, the most distressing exhaustion, and collapse and death would ensue." In such a case the manifestations of poison would be too apparent for any one to doubt the mischievous effects of tobacco. The only reason why it does not always produce similar effects is not because tobacco in any degree changes in its character or power, but because a change has taken place in the state of the nerves upon which it acts as a stimulus. The susceptibility of the nerves when in their natural or unimpaired condition, is such that they detect the qualities of the smallest particle of poison, and instantly impart the sensation. But when the quantity is so small as not to seriously endanger vitality, the instinctive alarm given and the effort to throw it off are so much the more feeble. Still if so small a quantity is habitually used, organic disarrangement will result, functional integrity be diminished, and that susceptibility of the nerves which at first enabled them so promptly to detect the poisonous qualities of the tobacco will be seriously impaired, till finally they "not only cease to give the alarm, but on account of the injury done them, become so dependent on the properties of the narcotic to raise them from the consequent prostration, as imperiously to demand the continued use of the destructive poison—and with a pertinacity equal to the force of antipathy overcome in forming the demand."

Thus we see the foundation and the power of the habit. And yet it is thought that tobacco becomes, to those who use it, less poisonous, and that its effects upon the system are less injurious. That it does not produce so great an excitement upon the nerves is only because functional integrity is so much diminished as to permit even greater injury, with less irritability, and is thereby rendered just so much the less able to resist the destroying agent, as the living tissues have been impaired by its use. It by no means follows, in any diseased state of the human system, that the greater the irritation, the more dangerous the disease; or vice versa, the less the irritability the less dangerous the disease.

Investigation is the only means of arriving at truth; investigation freed from prejudice, although the knowledge we obtain may oppose a darling theory, or require for our own good that we should lay aside a cherished habit. And he is the wisest, who, when he finds himself to be in error, either in theory or practice, will renounce the error and practice in accordance with the truth.

PORT BYRON, May 12, 1849. ANN.

Extract from a Private Letter.

ROCHESTER, 1849.

* * * * * The last number of the Lily meets our mind fully, and we are truly glad that there are ladies who will come out fearlessly and boldly with the true principles. We should not shrink back and say that "we are friends to the temperance cause, but think females manifest a mistaken zeal by their public labors in its behalf." Intemperance is one of the greatest, and perhaps I should say the *greatest* evil that can be brought upon a nation. Who can tell of its devastating powers? Who can depict its blasting, withering, hope destroying influences? Volumes would but just begin to tell of the broken hearts—of the widows and orphans it has made. And shall we sit idle and see this terrible monster making such rapid strides as at the present day, and do nothing to stay his deadly march? Shall we look on and see our neighbors, friends, and even those who are bound to us by kindred ties—those who are dear to us as life itself, in the vortex of intemperance, and not call loudly, and act efficiently to save them, ere they sink to rise no more?

Would that every female in our land, could, and would, adopt as her own, this motto, TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT, the poisonous cup, and let the principle it contains be shown in their daily life. Then should we see a change; then the bending form, the irregular and trembling step would be exchanged for the erect and manly form, the firm and graceful carriage. Family circles now broken and cheerless, would be united, and the chords of love be more firmly entwined around each heart, and the happy countenance say, 'the *destroyer* is banished from our circle, no more to chill our hearts—to blast our hopes—and kill the soul.' Let every female who has enlisted in this great cause, come up fearlessly to the work; let united influence go forth convicting and convincing of the truth of the principles we have adopted. Let the banner of Total Abstinence be unfurled, and its motto be wafted by the breezes of Heaven, till all shall come under its protecting folds.

* * * * I must apologize for sending so lengthy a communication. I would not monopolize too much of your time, but a few thoughts came unsought to my mind, and I felt that they might not be considered out of place or ill timed. I do not profess to be a writer, but my heart is in the work, and this is my apology.

Yours respectfully,
In Virtue Love and Temperance.

No apology was necessary, dear madam; please send another of equal length prepared for publication.

☞ Our readers will see by the following letter that we are for the present to be deprived of the contributions of one from whom we had expected many rich gems to grace our pages. This is a source of much regret and disappointment to us. We can only hope that her health may speedily be restored, and that we shall yet receive not only the story spoken of, but many other articles from her pen. We trust she will pardon us for publishing the letter:

ROCHESTER, May 4, 1849.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—It is with regret that I find myself under the necessity of saying that I cannot at present offer a single dew-drop to assist in nourishing "The Lily." Soon after you saw me, I commenced a story, the plan of which I thought might please you, but my health failed more completely than it had done for some time, and through the influence of friends I have been induced to enter a Hydropathic institution. Here I am strictly forbidden to write at all, even letters to friends, except occasionally a few lines to my anxious mother. It is a trial for me to submit implicitly to this regulation, but a constant and often violent headache demands the discipline. I would have sent you this line before, that you need not have been expecting a communication, but have been utterly unable, and you will pardon me.

I am sorry thus to disappoint you, for I would love to do something to assist you in your toils, and to help sustain the Ladies' paper. I looked over my old MSS., hoping to find something presentable, but failed. I have almost always written for some definite object, and what I have that has not already been published, is too personal or local to appear in print at all.

I wish you abundant success, and trust you may receive from more talented writers many rich gems to add lustre to the coronet of your lovely Valley Queen. Yours, respectfully.

☞ The editor of the Dollar Weekly says, "*We have not a name on our subscription list whose owner has not paid in advance.*" We wish we could say as much, but unfortunately we have some sixty or seventy names on our list, whose owners not only have not paid, but seem to have forgotten that they owe us. We fear we shall be obliged to call out their names ere long, to jog their memory.

Not a sound that ever falls upon the ear, is so pleasant and witching as the gushing minstrelsy of the Spring birds. Bless God for his artless songsters whose wild-wood anthems herald to us the joyous murmuring of free streams, warm skies, green woodlands and meadows and golden sunshine. How sweetly they trill the unwritten music of nature, free, innocent and without care. With the first gush of morning light, they commence their matins. A single throat gives out a low twitter from some distant branch by way of preparation. Another answers. Then another and another. The key-note is struck. The tide of song swells and rolls from every bough until the air trembles, and the morning anthem goes up from a thousand fields.—[Cay. Chief.

THE DYING MOTHER.

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away;
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip, that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Peastum's garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in the garden dew—
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering around the dead."

PERCIVAL.

It was a summer day, so bright and beautiful, that an angel wandering from his heavenly sphere might almost have fancied himself still in paradise, and have forgotten that man had ever sinned. Streams of water danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, sweet flowers sent forth their fragrance upon the air, and the birds warbled their wildest songs in the shady grove. All seemed joy and gladness; but at that very hour, in the stillness of her chamber, and surrounded by her sorrowing friends, one of the loveliest of God's creatures was bidding adieu to the earth with all its joy. In the spring of youth, and hope, and feeling, when life seemed sweetest, and the ties that bound her to earth were strongest, her spirit was slowly passing away. They had moved her couch to the open window, and now the golden rays of the setting sun streamed richly into the chamber of the dying. The warm breeze kissed the pallid cheek, and played among the bright tresses that clustered around her brow, for the last time. She knew that she should never look upon the bright, beautiful world again. She felt that life was ebbing fast away, and few were the moments left to her on earth, and as she looked that last long look, her eyes beamed with 'unwonted fires,' and a bright smile lighted up her countenance. Her lips parted, and a low, sweet voice, broke the solemn stillnes—'Bring hither my child; let him receive his mother's dying blessing.'

They brought to her bed-side a young and happy boy, who had never before known sorrow; but now, his joyous laugh was hushed, the smile had vanished from his lip, and his bright eyes were sad and wandering. They had told him that his mother was dying, and althongh he knew not what death meant, he felt that death was something terrible. He placed his little hand in hers, and looked tearfully into her face; but that smile reassured him, and he lisped that name so dear to every woman's heart,—mother! What a host of agonizing feelings were stirred up in the heart of the invilid as he uttered that word. She closed her eyes and for a moment her countenance was convulsed with the intense struggle.—It was only for a moment; she was calm, and the same bright smile was there again. All were hushed in breathless silence until she spoke.

'My son, you will soon be deprived of a mother's love and care. You now hear me speak for the last time on earth; but when my voice is hushed in death, and my body laid down in the tomb, remember my dying words. Resist temptation; and if sin entices thee, consent thou not. Pray to God morning and evening; and when you kneel alone, remember how often I have knelt with you and told you that you had a parent in heaven who would always take care of you. May your mother's dying blessing rest upon your head through all the trials of this life, and when you are tempted to sin, remember that her last breath was spent in prayer for you.' She paused for a moment, and when she spoke again her voice was faint and husky.

'My husband, come hither; place your hand beneath my head, and let me rest upon your bosom. I would feel your breath upon my cheek once more.'

He did as she desired, but a convulsive sob shook the strong man's frame as he pressed her to his heart, and the tears that he struggled not to restrain, flowed down his cheeks. She raised her eyes, beaming with all the intensity of woman's love, and exclaimed with sudden energy: 'Oh! 'tis very hard to part from you; but we shall meet again—in heaven!'

Her head sunk back, a slight convulsion passed over the pale face, and was succeeded by a smile, and all was still. The mourners were alone with the dead. The eyes that beamed with life and gladness were closed, the tongue that never spoke but to bless was silent, and the heart that beat with all a woman's generous feelings and warm affections, was still forever.

The wife and mother was dead, but she still lived in the hearts of those who had loved her.—The son never forgot her dying words; and in after years, when upon the verge of crime, the same sweet voice seemed to whisper in his ear, 'My son! resist temptation.' That husband never suffered another to beguile his heart from its homage to the dead, but ever treasured her memory, and looked forward to the time when he should meet her in a happier world, never again to part.

The Physical Education of Girls.

We copy from the N. Y. Commercial the following excellent remarks upon the proper education of young females, in order to ensure their health and vigorous action even till age approaches:

"Shame on us, that we, who boast of having raised women in this nineteenth century to the position in life which she ought to hold, so educate her that not one of her powers, physical or mental, can ever attain a full and healthy action. Better go back to the days of our great grand-mothers and be content with Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Assembly's Catechism,—nay, better to far earlier days, when neither catechism nor spelling-book detained the damsel from the distaff or the loom, than rear for the coming generation a race of nervous wives and sickly mothers.

When the boy runs merrily after his ball, or chases in the race, or leaps over the bound, the girl must walk demurely in the garden, because, forsooth, running and leaping and jumping are ungraceful in the girl. When the boy roams freely over the hill, or through the woods in the Summer, or coasts down the hill or skates merrily over the pond in the Winter, the girl, untrusted, unbenefitted, walks pensively by the side of her teacher to the village, or takes a two mile airing in the sleigh once in the week. She never pitches the quoit, never throws the ball, never slides down the hill, never roams through the woods, because, save the mark! all these are deemed unfeminine. In fact, she never thoroughly exercises her body at all, and in consequence soon becomes unable to endure any kind of physical fatigue.

'Fit only for boys,' said a principal of a large female institute to me, the other day, when I remonstrated with him on the importance of these and other like exercises for girls. For boys, indeed! And has not a girl a physical system to be developed, and matured and invigorated? Has she not fatigue to bear, obstacles to encounter, hindrances to overcome, enterprise to carry out, duties to discharge? Has she not the burthen of life to carry and its toilsome road to travel, for herself? In her own sphere does she not require, and will she not require through life, all the energy and strength and endurance of which her system shall be capable? It matters not whether she is to live in the midst of fashion, or to move quietly in the circles of country life, or to find her lot upon missionary ground, or to struggle against unforseen adversity, all that can be made of her during her years of education, physically, morally and intellectually, she will need. To every woman, in whatever situation she may occupy, life is a FACT, stubborn, earnest, real, to be shaped and moulded by her own efforts, or to be borne and endured by her own fortitude. Happy is she who is prepared for it, not by her own despairing efforts in after life, but by the judicious, careful and thorough discipline of early education.

The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of one's leisure.

Marriage.

We were somewhat startled the other day on hearing a young lady declare that rather than be an old maid, she would have the first person that would offer himself, even though in dalliance in the lap of dissipation. How little did she think of the misery that might attend her future existence, if unfortunate in her choice. We fear that sentiments such as these are too prevalent in the present age. Marriage is sometimes made a transaction very slight, and based upon too sudden an impulse of feeling. The partnership is formed to-day and dissolved to-morrow. We have made these few remarks in the hope that they may elicit the serious attention of such as may be interested, trusting that before they make use of the monosyllable yes, when the question is proposed, that they will think of it, and be impressed with the consideration that it is better to live in "single blessedness," than be the slave of a being whose feelings have been blunted by the giddy and enervating indulgence of bad passions or habits. If this precaution be observed, it cannot fail to strengthen domestic happiness.

NOT MY CUSTOM.—President Taylor, since his arrival at Washington, has visited Georgetown, and exchanged salutations with some of its principal citizens. A short account of this visit in one of the newspapers winds up with the following paragraph:

"Georgetown is famous for good wines, and several attempts were made to persuade the General to taste a glass, but he declined, and finally said: 'Gentlemen, I will drink to your health in water, most cordially; but I must positively be excused from using wine, as it is not my custom—you can do as you please.'"

A USEFUL INVENTION FOR THE LADIES.—A lady in this state is about to apply for a patent for an invention which is at once ingenious, useful, and exhibits inventive qualities of no common kind. It is an article of domestic furniture, which answers for a cradle, a baby-jumper, a table for the child to amuse itself with its playthings; and it can be transformed in a moment from a cradle to a seat with castors on it, by which the child can, by its own power, use it as a walking chair, and move it from place to place simply by pushing it.

[Scientific American.

The traffic in ardent spirits is a reservoir of iniquity, not susceptible of purification. It must be broken up, filled up, destroyed, obliterated from the face of the earth.

The last words ever written by John Q. Adams to his son, were, 'A stout heart, clear conscience, and never despair.'

Temperance House,
AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no efforts will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.

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